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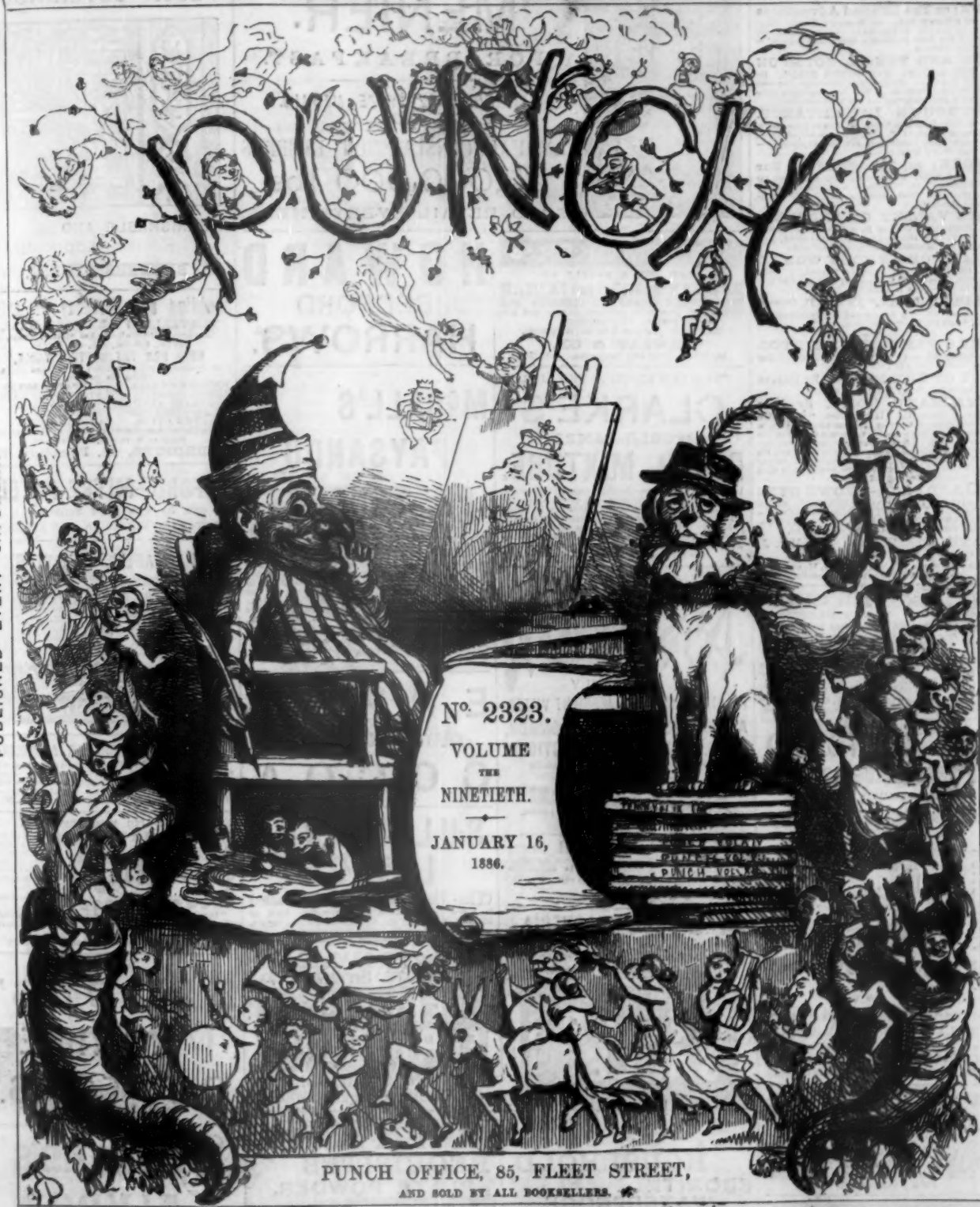

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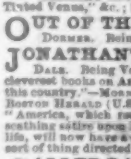

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"TIPS."

Mems.: by a Weak-minded Man.

"TIPS, Sir, are a nuisance to the giver, and a degradation to the receiver!"

Much impressed by this Johnsonian summing up of a much-discussed question by our Oracle, BUSTER, we there and then, in the true Curtius-cum-Cobden spirit of Business Britons, resolved ourselves into an "Anti-Tip League." Our Badge—can't have a League, or Army, or Guild, *without* a Badge nowadays—was an open palm, *empty*. This we had stamped in brass, and wore in our buttonholes. I wonder whether they all felt as proud of it as *I* did. I have made some Mems. of my own experience.

A Bit of a Stick with a Silver Tip.

Monday.—Started from home without my Badge. Had to go back for it. Consequently nearly lost my 'Bus. Conductor, however, spotting my panting form in the distance, stopped, and with the conventional "Now then, Sir, look alive, please!" trotted back to give me a hand along. "'Appy Noo Year, Sir!" says he, smirking. Glow of gratitude on my part, and spontaneous approach of hand to breeches' pocket—noted, approvingly, by Conductor. Suddenly remember! Great shock. Button up pocket, and sidle into 'Bus sheepishly, with a feeble "Tha-a-nks, BOTTLEBY!" BOTTLEBY stares, astonished, and bangs door violently. Is heard exchanging confidences with his driver over the knife-board. Feel *certain* they are *not* complimentary to me. Never enjoyed ride to town less.

Tuesday.—Everybody asking what *that* is—meaning my Badge. Find myself explaining, in feeble whisper. Can't carry it off like BUSTER, who glories in the whole thing. But BUSTER is masterful—and mean. Most uncomfortable day. Breeches-pocket-action grown automatic by long habit; necessity of checking it continually troublesome, and leads to peculiar jerkiness in my gestures. All sorts of little difficulties turning up. Everybody at home uncomfortable, from my Wife to Buttons. New Medo-Persic Ultimatum. "*No* Christmas-boxes!" doesn't appear to work well. Everybody seems either tearful or out of temper—some both. My old clerk MIFFINS most miserable. Know why. Thinks he has offended me. Long to double his usual "vail," but mustn't. Cutlet at lunch cold, and boots badly blacked by my favourite boy. But, *per contra*, I have satisfaction of knowing I am "discouraging a practice degrading to the spirit of manly independence which should dominate the breast of every Briton, from Premier to Policeman." (See BUSTER's Letter to the *Times*.) Satisfaction hardly so satisfying as I expected, though, and I fancy *I* am more discouraged than the practice. I'm sure I feel more degraded than the disappointed expectants of tips *look*.

Wednesday.—Nephews, home from Eton, come to see me. Awfully fond of boys, and generally get on capitally with them. This time, however, a chill seems to have fallen over us. No larks, no laughter! Not even the usual snowball down my neck. Even *that* would have been some comfort. FRANK's face, when I explain the Badge, a study. Tell him it is "the principle of the thing, don't you know?" Says, "Ye-e-s!" but doesn't seem to see it. Used to call me "TIP-OH SAHIB." Have dropped that practice. Overheard BERTIE telling FRANK they ought to spell it "Tip-*owe*," now. Wounding very. But *with that Badge*, what can I do—or say? Boys go early, leaving me miserable. BUSTER drops in, big and beaming. Says the Badge has saved him an average of two-and-fourpence-farthing an hour since he donned it. Chortles over it till I feel I could punch him with pleasure. Go nearer to a quarrel with BUSTER than ever before. Go to bed in beastly temper with myself, and everybody else.

Thursday.—That Badge is becoming a burden and a bore. *People are beginning to understand what it means!* If I had BUSTER's pumptiousness, I could brazen it out. But I haven't. When people look at me pityingly, or scornfully, according to their view of the case, I wince, thus losing dignity as well as comfort. Life is becoming a dreary negation, consequent on the necessity of saying "No!" every five minutes or so. I had no idea what an affliction travelling can become—in the absence of "Tips." Talk about the comforts of civilisation! *I* should say—altering the Poet Laureate slightly—

Comfort! Comfort born of—gratuities!

Pleasure, I am convinced, is a matter of *pour-boire*. Degrading, of course, to our common—our *very* common!—humanity, but true. Humanity feels it has a *right* to its appointed pay; it is the supererogatory act the eleemosynary which make humanity *obliging*. Tell BUSTER this. BUSTER snorts. Snorting is BUSTER's *ultima ratio*. He says I am weak. I feel I would rather be weak—in his sense—*with* a nice foot-warmer and somebody to awake me at my station, than ever so strong, and uncomfortable, *without*. But the more that Badge becomes known, the more I am shunned or ignored, and the more I suffer.

Friday.—Leave the Badge at home—accidentally, of course. First person I meet is BUSTER. He points at once to my buttonhole, and snorts. Explain that I've left it behind, by mistake, and suggest—slily—that he should lend me *his*. To my horror he does so at once, saying that *he always carries a spare one in his purse, in case of accidents*. There's principle, there's persistency! But we are not all BUSTERS! As soon as I have left him, put it in *my* purse. First result. 'Buseman greets me with a pleasant smile. Pass a most tantalising day, everyone beaming on me expectantly at first, and then freezing into cold uncomfortableness on finding that nothing is forthcoming. Have the satisfaction of snubbing a few of those obtrusive London touts who are always plaguing one with sham services, for which they expect substantial returns. But this does not make up for the number of *real* services which I am compelled to accept, and ignore.

Saturday.—Send in my Badge and resignation as Member of the "Anti-Tip League." Breathe freely again, and "tip" lavishly all round. Meet BUSTER, who passes me without speaking. *Another* blessing! Get "on terms" with everybody again like a shot. Enjoy myself immensely. Decide that, though "Tips" are often a nuisance, and sometimes a degradation, yet in a world of hard and often ill-paid work like ours, there *are* worse things. They *ought* to be done away with, no doubt. So ought poverty, badly-requited labour, unequally distributed wealth, pleasure-pinched destitution, and swaggering selfishness. When these latter *are* abolished it will be time enough to talk about abolishing "Tips."

Mem.—I hear that BUSTER is the only remaining Member of the "Anti-Tip League"!!!

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

(Something about it, from a couple of last week's Diaries.)

WELL, if this isn't enough to make a Ratepayer savage, I should like to know what is, that's all. The state of the road is simply disgraceful. Started this morning, to go to the office, and in ten minutes after leaving home, owing to having to wade through a drift, found myself soaked to my knees. Home again and changed, and started afresh, this time getting hold of a four-wheeler with two horses, that agreed to take me for treble fare. Both horses down several times, but drag on. Stuck at last. Cabman says he can't go on any further. Get out and find it freezing hard. Pick my way carefully, but presently slip backwards and sprain my right ancle badly. Luckily an omnibus comes by, sliding and staggering, and I limp in. We creep on for some time, but at length come to a dead halt. Both horses are down and we all have to get out. Driver says he's not going "to have any more of this fun," and is "going back." He does. I limp on citywards as well as I can. Get into another drift, and am again soaked to my knees. Try to walk quicker, and again slip backwards, and this time sprain my left ankle badly. Sit on a frozen heap of snow, and am now waiting for a policeman to help me on to a stretcher.

So the neighbourhood 's snowed up, and we Westrymen has got to see to it. Anythink else, I should like to know! Why, what 'll they be expecting of us next? To take a broom and sweep it up ourselves, I suppose? Not if I know it—no, nor hiring a lot of fellows to do it neither. Snow is snow, everybody knows that, and, of course, if it comes down heavy, it sticks—and, why shouldn't it stick? I asks. How can a Westry be held responsible for that? Clear it away, indeed. Who 's to clear it away? Why, if it comes to that, it will clear itself away. Give it time enough, and it will melt—any fool knows that. And what are people to do in the meantime? Why, slush through it as best they can. That 's what the busses have to do and the cabs; and, for the matter of that, if a four-wheeler can't get along with two 'osses driving tandem, well, all I can say is, it must stay where it is. Oughtn't we Westrymen to try to get the muck moved away? 'Ow? Where 's the carts to do it? D'you think it 's our business to puzzle our 'eads over a set out like this 'ere, because it ill-conveniences a lot of chaps going to the City and back? Why, what do you think a Westryman is made for? Not for that, I can tell you.

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Impressive Female. "I WANT THE POST OF HEAD NURSE OR MATRON TO YOUR INSTITUTION."

Secretary. "WELL—BUT—MAY I ASK WHERE YOU 'VE BEEN TRAINED?"

Impressive Female. "I 'M NOT *TRAINED.* I 'M *GIFTED!*"

THE SNOW-FIEND'S SONG.

SWISH! Swosh! Squash! Squelch! Oh, this is most delightful!
London is once again
One vast muck-sludge! Its misery is frightful.
BUMBLE, the dunce! again
Squats with wide eyes and helpless hands aghast,
Whilst those his folly
Makes martyrs of slip, flounder, or stick fast.
'Tis truly jolly!
I feared, I really feared, that by this time
Civic improvement
Might make my saturnalia less sublime;
But no! no movement!
I've not so many chances as I had,
Which is a pity.
But when I *do* arrive, I drive half mad
This stupid City.
Look at it! 'Tis a waste of ruts and ruins!
Sharp Anglo-Saxon,
Your streets present a scene my Arctic Bruins
Would turn their backs on.
All night my feathery flakelets fell around them
Soft, silent, steady;
And in the morn my white morasses found them
Once more unready.
Hurroo! What dolts men are! They tramp and trudge
Floundering and stumbling
O'er miles of ice, through leagues of shivery sludge,
Patient, though grumbling.
Of course they 'll criticise my cruel capers;
They 'll swear much, some of them.
Of course, they 'll write long letters to the papers;
But naught will come of them.
Grey Malebolges of cold clinging muck
Will stop their traffic;
In snow their carriages will all get stuck,
Wires telegraphic
Like snakes will swirl around them. All their toes
Will catch benumbers.
They will be given up to ruthless foes
Called demon-plumbers.
And yet, and *yet* they will *not* turn and rend
The booby BUMBLE,
But freeze and flounder to the bitter end,
And slide and stumble.
Ah! it is marvellous, and lovely too!
Absurd, and jolly!
And that is why I say again, Hurroo,
For human folly!!!

A STORY FOR THE MARINES—AND OTHERS.

CAPTAIN BROWNJONES ROBINSON, R.N., paced the quarter-deck of H.M.S. *Junket*, with a smile of satisfaction on his face. He had that day received a letter of approbation from his superiors, heartily congratulating him upon the efforts he had made in securing the efficiency of the crew of his vessel.

"Well," he murmured, "I think I have deserved it. There is not a man on the ship, from the First Lieutenant to the Junior Powder Monkey, who is not of Chinese origin. Ah, Mr. WING!"

The young Officer addressed touched his regulation cap with his pig-tail, and stood at "attention."

"Ah, Mr. WING is all right?"

"You speakee my namey wrongy," replied the young Officer, with a smile, child-like and bland. "They callee me WING, but my namey is AH WING."

"Well, Mr. AH WING is all right?"

"Quite, Sir," (returned the other, who only used the Chinese method of speaking English at times. "The Starboard Watch is set, and at seven bells we pipe the Port Division to quarters."

"And the marling-spikes, are they properly spliced to the spinaker binnacle?"

"As tautly as if we were expecting a flock of Mother Carey's chickens out of Davy Jones's locker."

And so the professional conversation continued until other duties carried the Captain and his First Lieutenant to opposite parts of the vessel.

Some weeks after the event just narrated had come to pass, the Captain paced his State Cabin in evident trepidation.

"Dear me!" he explained. "It is most annoying! Here, when everything was going on so smoothly, all my arrangements are upset by the Government declaring war! And not an English officer on board to assist in commanding the Blue Jackets and the Marines! Why I would give worlds for a fellow-countryman. Even Sir REGINALD HANSON, the Colonel of the London Militia, albeit an Alderman, and, I believe, 'something very good indeed in the provision line' would be invaluable at such a moment!"

From which it will be gathered that the unhappy Commander had come to the very end of his resources. Hastily assuming his sword and cap, he ascended to the quarter-deck. To his surprise, he found the entire ship's company paraded.

"Calk my dead-lights!" he exclaimed, "what is all this?"

"Me speakee for the crewey," said the First Lieutenant, adopting the Chinese *patois*. Then he continued in ordinary English—"Captain BROWNJONES ROBINSON, I am deputed to say that it is our opinion that we cannot fight yonder approaching gunboat. So there is only one thing to be done—we must haul down the colours!"

"Never!" cried the Captain, excited. Then he implored them to consider the services he had rendered, and the sacrifices he had made, the instruction he had afforded.

"All you say may be correct," replied the ever-courteous First Lieutenant, as he lowered the white ensign; "but you see, Sir, you forgot, in teaching us everything else, to give us a few hints in the practical parts of our profession. You see, Sir, you have taught us everything—save how to fight!"

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—The honoured name of "Our Mr. SARBOURNE" appears in a prospectus of "The New Pictorial World Co. Limited" as a Director, with the qualification, in brackets, of being "*Punch* Staff;" and then follows his address "Stafford Terrace." This will now be changed to "*Punch Stafford Terrace.*" *By Order.*

NEW NEIGHBOURS.

John Chinaman. "ME GLAD SEE YOU HERE, JOHN CHIN-CHIN!"

"IN CONSEQUENCE OF LAST WEEK'S FROST."

OVERFLOWING audiences did not throng the Haymarket Theatre.

"India in London," in Langham Place, was more than usually quiet.

The Bear on the Pole at the Zoo had rather a dull time of it.

The Cage of the Monument was not inconveniently crowded.

The cab horses were well exercised.

Marvellous escapes from falling "overhead telegraph wires" were of hourly occurrence.

Mr. DASHAWAY was unable to keep his promise of calling at his Tailor's to pay a long outstanding account.

Mrs. McSTINGY was forced to indefinitely postpone her Annual Children's Party.

And, lastly, the utter feebleness and futility of London's attempt, under existing circumstances, at self-government, was amply and disastrously demonstrated.

The Druid of the "Daily Telegraph."

GIVE him plum-pudding and good vinous fluid;
That 's the cheer for an Ancient Druid.
In liking what warms him and makes him mellow,
The Old Druid proves that he 's not an Odd Fellow.

"HARBOUR FOOTLIGHTS" AT THE ADELPHI.

HERE is a real fine young English melodrama, one of the brand new sort. Great attraction! Two wicked Squires (like a double harlequinade); and when one's down t'other comes on; and, dear me, what a vicious villain the sinful survivor is to be sure—(there is a "cup-of-cold-poison" look about him—and they call him, consequently, MISTER "BEVERAGE," as far as I remember)—and how frank and open are those gallant tars, *Lieutenant David Kingsley, R.N.*, and *Captains Nelson* and *Hardy* (who ought to kiss each other, but don't). Why, the very names bring the sniff of the briny over the Harbour Footlights! How sweet is *Dora*, and how pathetic is *Lena!* (Great attraction again — *Two* Columbines!) I feel for the latter young lady at once. When she returns, pale and thin, to her ruined home, and says to her more virtuous and better-fed sister, "Look at me! See what I am!" The dainty *Dora* surveys the wasted form, and piteously exclaims, "Oh, *Leaner!*" Then we pity her all through, until, by her excellent acting, she manages to secure some of the "fat" of the piece.

Lena and Leaner.

The characters in plays of this sort never swerve a hair's-breadth from the type or mould into which they are poured in the introductory Act, the wicked man never turneth away from his wickedness, nor the comic man from his comicality. Dear old types! They all "behave as such," and no nasty new departure mars their splendid familiarity. So when *Lieutenant Kingsley, R.N.*, with probably a poetical touch of his ancestor the late Reverend Romancist, babbles in Act I. to his sweetheart of the "dear old home," and "the sparkling blue sea," and the "singing birds," and the "long dark watches of the night," we are quite prepared to hear him in Act III. trot out the very identical "long dark watches of the night" on board his ship. I wonder do sailors ever have "short bright moonlight watches"?

Another "dear old" peculiarity of melodramatic folk is, that after talking capital cockney, or breezy sea-slang, or decent and sensible modern English for many scenes, in a moment of excitement they insist on soaring into unbounded and extravagant high-falutin. Thus when the intrepid Lieutenant TERRISS rushes off to the dear old Hall,

A Terriss on the Sea.

he exclaims, "I go to punish the villain who has injured me, and rescue the girl I love!" About which there is more comic *bathos* than the clever actor is possibly aware of. "Eastward Ho!" would be a better exit speech for a *Kingsley*.

However, this Second Act is the best of the bunch of five. *Dora* and *Lena* turn up trumps, so does a generous Masher, with an eye-glass, and a morbid Bandit, with the most awful of Mothers, "turns up" Wicked Squire No. 1. It is all well played, and the concluding struggle, murder, and situation, are of first-class curdling power. It is right to add, that when these "enterprising curdlers, Messrs. SIMS AND PETITT, aren't a-curdling," their capacity for innocent enjoyment is strongly marked.

The introduced comic episode is a feature of this school. It is a little "excursion" after the "alarms." It is a sure test, may I say a Criterion, of the work of the Messrs. S. AND P. above mentioned. In Act III., for instance, we have "the great original hat-trick, with Hanlon-Lee business," the thrilling domestic drama of *The Bad Half-crown*; *or, the Mother-in-Law and the Marine*, and the grand Naval Review, on board ship. "Point! Parry! Cut one! Slope!" go the melancholy Marines, who have come aft because they are all stern-looking men, and we are grateful that they do not slice off the Conductor's head, or chop up his fiddlers. The Scene is a "Marine Parade"; our artist has completed the *super-mare* suggestion.

The real point is, that there isn't any point in their gymnastic performances—the Lord High Admiral might just as well have made an omelette in his cocked hat, as far as the play is concerned, and as "Cut one!" "Cut two," was roared out by a bearded Bo'sn, who looked very frightened to find himself in a playhouse, I was tempted to add, "Oh! cut *out!*" but that I feared being presented with the noble order of the "Eccentric chuck."

I admire the realistic local colour of the really ship-shape mounting of this scene, but I would like to cut the cutlass cut-lads.

Act IV. is gruesome. We have had piled-up horrors enough, without being introduced to the Poetic Bandit's malignant Mamma. Poor boy! no wonder he grew up badly, and drags his words so desperately. The Bandit's *Mater* has, of course, a fine tap of lofty diction, considering her station in life. If she means to go out, she observes, "Old as I am, I will go forth!" Why "forth"? I wish she would go first, and not come back.

After this, we have a combination of *Arrah-na-Pogue* cliffs and *Colleen Bawn* waves, and hero and heroine in a picturesque attitude, with a possibly prophetic shower of rice dashing over them, which is exciting. How *Lena* got on such a ledge without breaking her pretty neck is a mystery; but what of that? The Melodrama's laws the Melodrama's patrons give, they swallow impossible situations and bombastic moralities with really superb delight, and we must not look for Sardou-subtleties in the school of Saxon simplicities and Adelphi audacity.

From this point we get home rapidly. No time for episodes now, and with one more change (that the dripping life-boat's crew must have been glad of), we steer to the happy end by the red revolving light of the *title-rôle*, or roll. The vigorously-hissed Hibernian, Mr. BEVERIDGE, is carted off, and he grins and bears it as is his plucky wont, and we applaud Miss MARY ROBKE, and Miss MILLWARD, and Miss KATE FAYNE, and the comic, or E. W. GARDEN, sailor, and seamanly Mr. TERRISS and all his virtuous crew, and, as we stream out to the Strand, like the waves that BRITANNIA rules, we admit that, despite the inflated dialogue, there are real honest moments when the gulp comes and the mist rises in the play. If you are not ashamed of emotion, you can get it here.

Just a suggestion. What is to become of poor dear *Lena?* True that TERRISS, R.N. (right noble!) has rescued her from an undulating watery grave, but both her Squire and her Bandit are dead, and it's a dull prospect for her to end her days in *John Nelson Maclean's* cottage, with only a swordfish and some stuffed birds for company. But that generous Masher with the eye-glass, who goes about the play lending people rolls of notes, is to the fore, *and there's the husband for Lena!* See to this, Messrs. S AND P., and do another good turn to "Albion;" and here's a long and successful cruise to H.M.S. *Britannic!*

NIBLET JUNIOR.

Mr. Maclean packing up "Ma clean things."

Literary Mem. for the New Year.

MR. COURTHOPE has produced a book, entitled *The Liberal Movement in English Literature*. The "tales of COURTHOPE" concerning those whom he considers Literary Liberals are not all "flattering." But there *is* a "Liberal Movement in English Literature" to which we are sure even Mr. COURTHOPE could not object, and which *Mr. Punch* urges upon the attention of his readers at this season; and that is, the sending all our spare books, superfluous periodicals, and supererogatory newspapers, to our Hospitals, Children's Homes, Reformatories, Workhouses, and other Charitable Institutions. The movement—as liberal as possible—of literature in *that* direction cannot be open to objection from the most critical of Conservatives. *Verb. sap!*

AN AWKWARD CORNERER;

OR, VOTES AND QUERIES.

THE (LOW) Pressure Association having recently addressed a fresh Circular to every Member of the House of Commons, asking for answers to the following questions:—"Are you in favour of Home Rule? If so, what sort of Home Rule do you propose to grant? If not, why not?" has received the following, among other replies:—

Mr. O'CONNOR CLAST (Radical Member for a slice of Hamshire) says that he is not himself an Irishman, though his name might imply so. He is not prepared to go quite the whole way with the Parnellites; but, if the abolition of the Viceroyalty, the release of all Irishmen under sentence of penal servitude, the destruction of Dublin Castle by dynamite, the appointment of Mr. DAVITT as Chief Secretary, and the affiliation of Ireland to the United States of America, would be likely to satisfy the more moderate section of the Nationalists, he, for his part, sees no reason why this instalment of justice should not at once be granted.

Mr. FACING FOREWAYS (Liberal Member for several Genteel Suburbs) regrets the lack of clearness and definiteness in other people's views on this subject. He himself is in favour of such steps being taken as will give to the Irish people the control of such matters as they ought to have the control of, while reserving to the Imperial Parliament all those powers which are necessary for the maintenance of the complete integrity of the Empire.

Sir CAWTIUS BIRD, Bart. (Independent Conservative Member for South-North-East Clodshire, whose length of service and well-known political prudence have given him the title of "Grandmother of the House of Commons") "prefers to await the opening of Parliament before giving any detailed exposition of his views."

Mrs. LLEWELLYN CADWALLADER JONES (wife of the Conservative Member for the Llanfanfwrlch Division of Carnarvon) begs to say that as all his sons and nephews are at present home from school, Mr. CADWALLADER JONES is prevented from answering the questions by domestic affliction.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE refers the inquirer to the first five volumes of his Midlothian speeches for his opinion, and at the same time considers that it is Lord SALISBURY's place to state *his* views on Home Rule.

The Marquis of SALISBURY, K.G., thinks that it is the imperative duty of Mr. GLADSTONE to answer these questions first, and he'll wait till he has done so before stating his own views.

Mr. PARNELL defers any exposition of his opinions until Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE have given theirs.

The Sub-Under-Secretary for the Colonies and Scilly Isles says that, as he does not hold Irish Estates, and there is no Irish vote in *his* Constituency, he does not care twopence whether Home Rule is granted or not. He objects to his opinion (or his pay) being drawn by anybody else.

Mr. BUCEPHALUS SMITH (Radical Labour Representative for the Tanneries) writes that he will be "jolly well jiggered" before he gives Home Rule to Irish Rebels. He would "a deal sooner" give security of tenure to loyal Scotch Crofters and English farmers.

A Borough Member (who wishes his name withheld) thinks the Leaders of both Parties ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that a stringent law of Procedure should forbid Irish matters of any sort taking up more than a fifth part of the time of Parliament in any Session.

Mr. TWADDLEM, Q.C. (Conservative Member for Fickleton) argues that the question should be approached in a judicial spirit, which he will be much more able to do when he receives the vacant Judgeship which (as the P. A. must acknowledge) is his by unquestionable right.

A number of Representatives return the circular unanswered, and—the (low) Pressure Association regrets to remark—in unstamped envelopes.

ROBERT ASTONISHED!

WELL, I've been a thinking for sum time that it's rayther a rum world, but it seams to me to be getting rummer and rummer ewery day. I've seed a good many staggerers in my life, and herd a good many stunners, but on last Fryday as ever was I herd not only our own LORD MARE make a speech to a number of Forriners in what I was told was the Frensh tung, for nuffin don't surprise me as a Lord Mare does, weather its Greek or Lattin or Scotch, but ewerybody else was all a gibbering and a jabbering away and nun of us waiters coudn't understand a single word! Wen I arsked won werry respectabel looking Mounseer if he woud take sum tea, he acshally smiled at me and arsked for mercy! and wen I tried another smiler he shook his ed and said, "no mercy!" I didn't ask for mercy, why shood I? but the Sherryff kindly came to my asistance and releeved me of my burden, and then gave me a few words of Welch as a kindly change! Lucky it wasn't a dinner, or grayshus knows what we shood have all dun. As for the LORD MARE's speech, it was that butiful that I couldn't tell a word of it from the other frenchmen, witch I thinks about the gratest complement I can pay his Lordship. An to think as this werry LORD MARE is the reperesentif of the "Puffijius Halbion," as the Frenchmen calls it! With his usual good taste, he didn't ask not none of the Haldermen, nor none of the Common Counselmen—for they would ha' felt hout of their hellement in not being able to say a word not to nobody, excep, of course, to hus, tho' we shood ha' felt it rayther a relief.

There was one cappitul good Frensh joke made by the LORD MARE as set 'em all off a roaring. I couldn't in coarse understand it myself, but I jined in so werry artily that one of the Forriners near me said, ah, you understand French, which put me on my metal, so I said only a little Mounseer, he then said I can speak English a little, and the LORD MARE's joke was he once asked a Lady to kiss him because he knew Greek! Well, how his Lordship could like to menshun the little *fo par* in presence of the LADY MARESS, et settera, I'm sure I don't know. All I noss is I shouldn't have dared do so in quite similar suckumstances. But as I said at the beginning, so I says at the hend, it's a rum world, my masters. ROBERT.

MUCK IN THE HAYMARKET.

SIR,—I never understood what the degradation of the Stage meant until I saw Mr. BARRYMORE's *Nadjezda* at the Haymarket. It is a repulsive story, undramatically told, and the *rôle* of the heroine is absurdly acted by a foreign lady who does not possess one single qualification for the part,—that is, as far as I saw it, for I only had patience to sit out the Prologue and the First Act. I have only to thank her for one thing, and that is, that she was almost unintelligible. What was the Licenser of Plays about, to permit the production of so revolting a piece? Palais Royal farces, with their *doubles entendres*, and immoral, but farcically improbable plots, which raise a laugh and do no harm, because it is all meant as a joke from beginning to end, fall under the Censor's restrictions, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN has before now, in the interests of morality, insisted on the extra ladies in burlesques and *opéras bouffes* having their skirts lengthened, but he or his agent is silent when such a play as *Nadjezda* is given him to read,—a play which, it must be as unpleasant for the performers to act as it is for the audience to see.

That it was cruel to guy, mock at, and hiss the Actress and Actors on the first night, I admit, and sincerely pity them. It was Lynch law. I saw it on the third night. I did not see one redeeming point, except Mr. BEERBOHME TREE's make-up. Mr. BARRYMORE's young Englishman was an offensively effusive cad, and the American young lady obtrusively vulgar. This latter character may possibly be true to nature; all I can say is that such a type is contrary to my own experience of American ladies. It may be correct for all that: I hope not. Perhaps if it were redeemed by wit, it might be tolerable. Mrs. JOHN WOOD would be an authority on such a subject. Ere this letter is published, this sordid, objectionable play will, I should say, have disappeared for ever from the boards. STEEL NIBBS.

ATTITUDE OF THE VESTRIES.

JANUARY 6, 1886.

MR. WILSON CLAUDIAN JUNIUS BRUTUS BARRETT, who, it may not be generally known, is acting at the Princess's Theatre (advertisement gratis) as the *Hodman Out*, announces a romantic drama "of the time of CROMWELL." Is Mr. W. B. modestly going to play "CHARLES his friend"?—or will he take the great *Crummles*—we should say the great *Cromwell*'s—part himself? And then there's another drama, "the scene of which is," says *Truth*, "to be laid in Greece." This seems slippery ground.

ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(THE FANCY BAZAAR IN AID OF THE SCHOOLS.)

Fair Stranger (to Dean's Wife, who is driving a lively trade with Photographs of her Husband). "A—UM—A—WHAT WOULD BE THE PRICE OF THE FRAME—A—*WITHOUT* THE PORTRAIT?"

THE "OPENING CHORUS."

TUTTI. "We Swear!" All right, of course, so far
Ensemble perfect, unison delightful.
One back-row voice, at most, may slightly jar.
Its tone is coarse, its *timbre* truly frightful.
But for the rest, they warble as one man.
With such a Choir the piece should go!
They 're equal
To aught from rootletoo to rataplan.
Well, wait the sequel!

'Tis a new Choir, well stiffened, it is true,
With the old leading voices, but compacted
Of raw material much, with not a few
Mere novices, who've never sung or acted.
Well fugled they may do exceeding well,
Prove up to time and equal to their duty.
Only their promise one can hardly tell
By this first "*tutti.*"

How many old familiar forms we miss!
How many more or less agreeable voices!
Where's WARTON's bass? Well, on the whole *that* is
A happy loss, in which the world rejoices.
But CAINE's agreeable chirp sounds now no more,
Neither does LAWSON's gay, if watery, twitter;
RUSSELL's exclusion is no doubt a bore,
POWER's loss is bitter!

And many another pleasant pipe is mute,
And many another blatant horn is muffled.
Well, well, with destiny who may dispute?
There's mighty little use in being ruffled.
Lots of fresh voices swell the Choir's full ranks.
Will they go in for melody or blether?
Will they essay eccentric vocal pranks,
Or sing together?

Their programme is, at present, little known,
Their *repertoire*'s untried, their power uncertain.
They'll need first-rate conducting; that is shown
Almost before the rising of the curtain.
Who's equal to the task? A motley band,
If they should prove or wandering or wilful,
The Leader who would keep them well in hand,
Must needs be skilful.

The Opera has commenced; bids fair to be
That rather common wonder called "a Crisis"
(Each season now produces two or three).
Dark, doubtful, as the Mystery of Isis,
The future of the Company whose start
Is pictured pleasantly enough before us,
Performing, arm in air, or hand on heart,
The Opening Chorus.

Lux in Luce.

WE are sorry to hear that the late Editor of the *Daily News* has been compelled to retire, because he was Hill. We hope he will soon be Well. Also that a *modus vivendi* may be satisfactorily arranged between the retiring and untiring Editor and the Daily Newsmen.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

(Intended to test their Knowledge of the threatened English Invasion.)

1. GIVE the names of the steamboats plying between Southampton, Jersey, and St. Malo that could be used for conveying troops from the English frontier to Dinard.

2. Describe the best mode of armour-plating English bathing-machines.

3. What is the strength of the Herne Bay Police? How is it likely that force would be employed in an English descent upon Boulogne?

4. Give sketch-maps of Southend, the Isle of Dogs, Margate, Broadstairs, and Eel Pie Island, showing their strategical importance in the event of an English invading flotilla taking the seas.

5. Who is "Sir WATKIN"? Show how he would utilise his Channel Tunnel if he commanded "the Monetic Army" (the Brigade of Bulls and Bears from the Stock Exchange, London).

6. Give your reason for considering "the Invasion Scare" ridiculous, and trace how the Dove of Peace has been transformed by the French newspapers into the warlike *Canard*.

TIP FOR TORIES.

OH! scents from the river, the rail, the bone-boilers;
Cologne is not in it with London! Sad fact!
For the sake of our thinkers as well as our toilers,
Will nobody pass an *Olfactory* Act?

THE "OPENING CHORUS."

(Her Majesty's Theatre, Westminster.)

ALL "WE SWEAR!!!"

ADVERTISEMENT INADVERTENCIES.

Perpetrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.

Suitable Opening for a Pupil.

Mother's Help Wanted.

Pushing Man to take Orders.

A Good Plate Cleaner.

No Reasonable Offer refused.

Goods Carefully Removed (in Town or Country).

MODERN PANTOMIME.

(By an Old Fogey.)

IN Pantomimes, in ancient days,
We gave enthusiastic praise
To Harlequin and Clown;
But now the Spectacle 's the thing,
And ballet-dancers in a ring
The talk of all the Town.

Now long processions throng the boards
Of Beauties, or of Kings and Lords,
And mimic war they wage;
It seems to me that very soon
Poor Columbine and Pantaloon
Will vanish from the Stage!

We miss the dear Clown's buttered slide,
No longer does he deftly hide
Unhappy Bobbies' hats;
He 's not so agile as of yore,
His wondrous jumps delight no more,
And who has seen "the sprats"?

The Comic Scenes are shortened now,
More time for dancing to allow,
And scenic changes please.
We 've "Dreams of Beauty,"
"Realms of Bliss;"
I wonder do the children miss
Each old amusing "wheeze"?

The glories of the Stage to-day
Are won in quite another way,
But I would fain forego
Each gorgeous and expensive "set,"
For fun that I shall ne'er forget,
More humour and less show.

We're great upon historic dress
We see much female loveliness
In costumes of the time;
But surely, when all 's said and done,
There 's far too little honest fun
In Modern Pantomime!

ANOTHER "ARMSTRONG CASE."—We mean the Pigeon one at the British Museum. Why did not one of the most recent and youngest of the Correspondents on this subject sign himself "Georgy Porgy Pigeony Pie?" But *à propos*, what ought Gardener ARMSTRONG to receive from the Museum Authorities and from the Doves? Why, from the first, the reward of "Three Acres" for himself to cultivate; and, from the Doves, "*The Coo.*"

IN the supposed recent discovery of "a fish with four legs" there there is nothing startlingly nevel. Who hasn't heard of a Dog-fish? How could it be a Dog-fish without four legs? The Dog-fish comes under the recent Police order, and may not go without a muscle.

LATEST FROM BURMAH.

(From our Special with General Prendergast.)

Bhamo, Christmas, 1885—86.

HERE we are! Beautiful place, full of curiosities. Would describe them, but the Native terms might get mixed through travelling so far by telegraph. Had a fine time of it. Plum-pudding, mince-pies—or rather their Burmese equivalents. Keep details until we meet.

The General as popular as ever. Most admirable man. Full of spirits and fun. Brave and beautiful as a lion. Don't be angry at the expense incurred by wiring these items. Of course the General does not want me to praise him, but as my telegrams are submitted to the scrutiny of a Military Censor, I wish to insert news likely to be passed. I think my testimony to the excellence, the gallantry, the nobility of the greatest General of the age, will pass. If it doesn't, let me know.

And now you would like some military news? I am sorry to say that I cannot help you. Of course, the Campaign is enormously difficult. Everyone knows that the Burmans outnumber us by millions to one, and have cannons and rifles immeasurably superior to any we can boast, and moreover, are commanded by the ablest strategists that ever existed. I could tell you a great deal more about the war—even what we haven't done, and are not going to do—but *General* PRENDERGAST *says I mustn't!*

OLD ENGLISH WINTER.

(And Verses.)

CHICKWEED about my garden grew,
The while this time that Yule was green;
Past the Old Year into the New
It lived, so sprightly to be seen.
Methought it seemed a merry note,
And symptom of a season mild,
So therefore to the papers wrote
To get it among their news compiled.
Sing hey, sing ho to the leafless tree
When the fields be bare
And the weed that 's rare,
Is as good as the Giant Gooseberrie!

But all on a night the snow came down,
And a hard frost did thereon succeed,
My green was therewithal done brown,
With a sorry ending to my sweet chickweed.
What change to-morrow's wind will blow
No Clerke of the Weather to tell is good;
Then, marry, my gamecocks, don't you crow
Until ye be all well out of the wood.
Sing hey, &c.

RATHER PERSONAL.

THE POPE, in his Latin letter to Prince BISMARCK, published in last Saturday's *Times*, addresses him as "*Amplissime Princeps.*" It is admitted that a portly bearing does not decrease with age, but his Highness cannot surely have become so stout as to warrant his being styled "*Amplissimus;*" and even were the fact so, and had he grown into a "*Persona Greater,*" it is hardly fair of his Holiness to allude to it so pointedly. Perhaps the POPE, whose reading in all languages is very varied, may have had in his mind our own SHAKSPEARE's description of Cardinal WOLSEY as "a man of most unbounded stomach," and so applied it to Prince BISMARCK. Admissible, however, as a recognised form of courteous etiquette, the superlative "*Amplissimus*" still conveys a *double entendre*, and possessing a keen sense of humour, how LEO, when he wrote this, must have roared—to himself!

"OLD MISCELLANY DAYS."

NONE, 'twas thought, could,
In old times, by chance, tell any
Stories as good,
As in *Bentley's Miscellany:*
Sure that verdict was right,
For we 've nothing but praise
For the varied and bright
*Old Miscellany Days!**

* On hearing this title, a very High Church old lady observed that she should certainly order it at once, as she "remembered Miss SELLON perfectly, and these reminiscences would be of the greatest interest." The good old lady thought the title was "*Old Miss Sellon-y Days.*"

EXPLANATORY.

Old Gent (in agony). "PH-E-E-W! CONF——I WISH YOU 'D LOOK WHERE YOU STEP, SIR!"
Passenger (leaving—"Chrish'm'sh time—only oncshe 'Year"!). "'BEG TEL THOUSAL PARD'L'SH, SHIR! 'DIFF'CULLY I FIN' 'SH T' SHTEP WHERE I LOOK!!"

THE NEWEST CULTE.

THE Æsthete arose;
Gave a yawn—blew his nose;
With a handkerchief silken he blew it;
Then he said, "How I pine
From some new fad to shine!
Won't a 'Shelley Society' do it?
I've been idle of late;
The 'Kyrle' 's out of date,
And Culture requires a fillip.
This æsthetical "boom,"
It would sink to its doom,
Should we keep a mute tongue, or a still lip.
What on earth does it matter
If twaddle and chatter
Be heard at our haunts to satiety,
Or if poor PERCY BYSSHE
Would assuredly wish
A plague to the Shelley Society?

We've worked for our profit
JOHN RUSKIN, and of it
The Public's inclined to be sick;
Here's new glory to grab!
Let's make *Hellas* and *Mab*
Continue the self-puffing trick!
Why, BROWNING the mystical,
Mundanely deistical,
Though obscure, yet gives light to obscurities;
And in time every Bard
Shall by butter (or lard)
Have his fame choked, however secure it is.
Let our Members delight
O'er a comma to fight,
Rival theories pound to a jelly!
While I myself head it,
Enjoy all the credit,
Eat the Oyster, and leave *them* the Shell—eh?"

TOLD BY THE MARINES.

"The letter which we publish to-day from a private of the Royal Marines now on the China station, will cause a shock of unpleasant surprise to many who take an interest in the Royal Navy. He declares that the British men-of-war on the China station, 'from the flagship down to the smallest gunboat, are overrun with Chinese,' not employed as mere supernumeraries or common labourers, but forming an integral part of the establishment, and wielding authority over British sailors and marines."—*Times.*

YE Mariners of England
Who watch our distant seas,
'Tis very odd that you should be,
The half of you, Chinese.
It scarcely fits our notions
To have you down below;
And though your keep, perhaps, is cheap,
The news comes like a blow;
To think we've got a Mongol Jack
Gives one a dreadful blow!

The Spirits of our fathers,
Oh wouldn't they just rave,
If thus upon the Estimates
They spied a dodge to save.
The men who under NELSON fought
Were BILL and JACK and JOE;
D'you think that LUNG and HANG and CHING
Can deal as stout a blow?
Not they! They're not the chaps to deal
A good stout English blow.

But Britain "Needs no bulwarks."
What, if exposed her guns,
And cracked her iron-plated sides;—
Behind them are her sons.
At least 'twas once her modest boast;
But now a motley show
Of foreign sweepings crowd her decks,
And lay her honour low:
For, surely, if they had to fight,
They'd lay her honour low.

So p'raps "My Lords" will take it up,
And to the matter turn,
And all the ins and outs of it
Somehow contrive to learn.
For honest Jack to scare away,
Because he's set below
A sallow-faced CHIN-CHIN, doth make
The public wind to blow;
So look to it, My Lords, or else
The public wind will blow!

A TOTAL ABSTAINER says he won't have anything to do with "tips," as it is four-fifths on the way towards making a man tipsy. This, he says, is his *Tips-ydixit.*

SHAKSPEARIAN MOTTO OF THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HAMLETS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—"We swear!"

THE ST. STEPHEN'S HALL. MLLE. PARLIAMENTINA COMMANDS HER PERFORMING PIGEONS TO RETURN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

OUSE of Commons, Monday Night.—Tomorrow Parliament opens, and I have tired myself out in advance. Been with PEEL all day arranging a little pageant, so that the new Reformed Parliament may open with what JOSEPH GILLIS calls "*ay claw.*" Can't quite say whose was the happy thought—PEEL's or mine. It arose out of conversation on Lord Mayor's Shows, especially that at Dublin. Why should plain Lord Mayors have Trades' processions, bands of music, elephants, and Mr. SANGER, whilst the House of Commons, principal assemblage in the world, should meet in kind of helter-skelter manner, Members dropping in after a go-as-you-please race across Palace Yard?

PEEL said "Certainly;" and then we went to work to devise something worthy of the occasion.

The new House is essentially a Working-Man's House. The Country Gentleman has been pretty well wiped out. I do not, of course, mean that we are all 'orny 'anded, but most of us earn our own living, and this is the germ of the idea. A Trades' Procession to rendezvous, say at Trafalgar Square, and march down Parliament Street into Palace Yard. March round three times, then up Westminster Hall, and so into the House. Here's a rough draft of the Procession:—

House of Commons' Police, with their Band.
Inspector DENNING on horseback (legs tied underneath, to avoid accidents).
BANKERS (25).
(To the slow music of the Band, they draw cheques as they walk along, and hand them to the appreciative crowd.)
GENTLEMEN OF THE LONG ROBE (110), arrayed in Wig and Gown.
(Though each Member carries a Brief, this will be the longest part of the Procession, Barristers forming close upon one-sixth of the whole force of the New Parliament.)
BREWERS AND DISTILLERS (24)
(Coope'd up in a large lorry flying a banner bearing the device, "Down with the Excise!").
BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS (6)
(Walking arm-in-arm behind a cart, on which there are models of the New Houses of Parliament and other Industrial Dwellings).
THE MACE,
(Carried between the Serjeant-at-Arms and Mr. BRADLAUGH).
Mr. SPEAKER,
(with Train-bearer).
The CHAPLAIN and the Hot-Water Engineer.
CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEERS (6).
(These Gentlemen will give practical illustrations of their skill by blowing up the Home Office as they pass.)
COLLIERY PROPRIETORS (16). ("Coal very cheap to-day!")
CROFTERS' REPRESENTATIVES (5).
(These Gentlemen have been kept without food for five days, and have declined to pay their rent.)
DIPLOMATISTS AND GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS (23).
(Their salaries will be reduced *pari passu* with their advance.)
MEDICAL PROFESSION (14).
(These Gentlemen, as they walk along, will administer to each other pills and boluses, black draughts, and other condiments.)
ESTATE AND LIFE ASSURANCE AGENTS (4),
(Who will distribute Prospectuses of their various Institutions.)
NAVAL OFFICERS (7) in full fig.
Miscellaneous crowd of Members, not engaged in business, singing, "*We've got no work to do.*"
Twelve Barrel Organs.

Me and PEEL rather think this will fetch 'em. What's the use of having a new Reformed Parliament unless you introduce it with some startling effect?

FIGARO AT HATFIELD.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Figaro*, signing himself "Dr. F. COPPINI," in the number of that amusing French Journal for the 6th of January, writes an account of his staying as a guest at Lord SALISBURY's. He found fault with the arrangements at table, and according to our lively neighbour, the "Vie de Château," must be singularly cheerful. Here is an extract:—

"Lord et lady SALISBURY se placent aux extrémités de la table, quand il n'y en a qu'une; les autres invités arrivent quand cela leur plait et se placent où ils veulent. On échange à peine un petit salut avec les maîtres de la maison, et la conversation est rarement, bien rarement générale. Imaginez une table d'hôte, et vous aurez l'idée exacte de cette singulière manière de faire chez nos voisins. . . . . à table. Dernièrement la duchesse de MANCHESTER me demandait ce que je trouvais de plus singulier dans leurs habitudes anglaises: 'Celle,' repondis je, 'd'une maîtresse de maison n'adressant pas la parole à ses invités, échangeant à peine avec eux un salut de politesse; voici, ajoutai-je, quinze jours que lady SALISBURY et moi n'avons pas échangé un mot.'"

Why this coolness between hostess and guest? No wonder that a little later on he says:—

"On parle beaucoup de la grande liberté qui distingue l'hospitalité anglaise. Pour un Français, elle finit par devenir un poids."

He then makes a touching complaint, with which we thoroughly sympathise, though rarely—very rarely—has it ever occurred to ourselves to have to bewail the absence of these necessities of civilisation. Speaking of the breakfast "*le premier déjeuner*"—which, very freely translated, might be taken as "The PREMIER's Breakfast"—he thus describes:—

"Ce premier déjeuner, comme le lunch, se sert d'une façon spéciale. Comme les convives ne sont pas tenus à l'exactitude, les domestiques sont congédiés au bout d'un quart d'heure. Le plats chauds sont sur des réchauds, placés sur une immense servante, à l'une des extrémités de la pièce, ainsi que le café et le thé. Le premier déjeuner se fait sans vin. Poisson, œufs, rognons et poulets à la diable (deviled chickens), gelées, beurre et petits pains français."

The "PREMIER" doesn't do badly at his *déjeuner*. But then, *à propos* of Lunch, comes the writer's grievance:—

"On a des serviettes pour ce repas; l'on n'en a pas pour le lunch qui est un repas aussi important cependant que le dîner chez nous, et où l'on sert beaucoup de légumes, des plats à sauce, des entremets; j'ai fini par demander la raison de cette anomalie fort gênante. Il paraît qu'à l'origine, le lunch était une légère collation qu'on prenait debout; plus tard, on a fait monter cette collation dans son appartement; on a trouvé ensuite plus pratique de descendre pour la prendre en commun; la collation, étant devenue de jour en jour plus importante, a pris les proportions d'un grand repas: mais on n'a pas encore pris la serviette."

The history of the origin of Lunch is deeply interesting. It is also interesting to know that in Paris they have now the verb "luncher," and that ladies invite their friends to "a five-o'clock."

The finish of dinner seems to have been as inspiriting and festive as heart could wish:—

"Après le dîner, servi à la française, sauf quelques petites modifications très anglaises, les femmes se lèvent et sortent du salon en observant les préséances de rang sur le chapitre desquelles on ne plaisante pas en Angleterre, ce qui est bien curieux pour un Français. Les hommes restent: c'est le pass-wine, ils causent en buvant. La Reine, alors qu'elle était jeune femme, avait voulu faire perdre cet usage. Elle dut y renoncer sur les conseils de lord MELBOURNE. Chez lord SALISBURY, qui est très sobre et ne fume pas, le pass-wine n'a lieu que les jours de grande cérémonie et pendant les parlementary-parties. Autrement, tout le monde sort de table en même temps et se rend dans la galerie et la bibliothèque où l'on sert le café et le thé.

"Pendant les fêtes de Noël, il y a un petit orchestre qui joue pendant le dîner et la soirée; on danse si l'on veut.

"Les autres jours, on joue au whist, au tric-trac. Je me mettais au piano et la plupart des autres invités prennent un livre. Je n'ai jamais pu me faire à cet usage."

It is pleasant to think that Lord SALISBURY is "*très sobre et ne fume pas.*" How different from the late Prime Minister. The "*Pass-wine*" is evidently one of the peculiar pastimes at Lord SALISBURY's. His Lordship seems to have kept a Liberal table specially at breakfast.

But for real rollicking jollity, the French friend ought to have been invited to one of the Liberal Premier's breakfasts in Downing Street. Those were days, if you like! Then the "Pass-tea" and "Pass-muffin" were the pass-words. Ah, dear us! those were rantin' roarin' times! Let us hope they will return, and that Dr. COPPINI will be there to see and report.

☞ TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

HOME RULE!!!

WHAT ALONE ENABLES US TO DRAW A JUST MORAL FROM THE TALE OF LIFE?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the *Tale* of Life; what sheds the *purest light upon our reason;* what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to *soften the heart* of man and elevate his soul, I would answer with Lassues, it is EXPERIENCE."—*Lord Lytton.*

THE HOME-RULE PROBLEM.—In the Political World, Home Rule means Negotiable Ballast. In the Sanitary World it means, in the whole Metropolis, upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed; and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventible. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor-rates), in consequence of those diseases which the Science of Hygiene teaches How to Avoid ("And which can be prevented"—CHADWICK). Pass it by if you like, BUT IT IS TRUE.

WHAT MIND CAN GRASP the loss to mankind, and the misery entailed, that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death? To say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families.

WE ARE AT PRESENT AT THE MERCY OF THE IGNORANT AND CARELESS.

In order to prevent a disease, it is necessary to remove its causes; by that means you hinder the germ or poison from gaining admission. At the same time you must sustain the vital powers by adding to the blood what is continually being lost from various causes, and by that means you prevent the poison being retained in the blood. The effect of ENO'S FRUIT SALT is to take away all morbid poison, and to supply that which promotes a healthy secretion.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF LIVES may be saved annually, and MILLIONS freed from incalculable suffering.—Millions have died from Preventible Diseases in this country. It is the duty of everyone to avert this. With each bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT is wrapped a large Illustrated Sheet, showing the best means of stamping out Infectious Diseases, Fevers, Blood Poisons, &c. If this valuable information were universally carried out, many forms of disease now proving such havoc would cease to exist, as PLAGUE, LEPROSY, &c., have done, when the same cause *has become universally known.*"

EGYPT.—CAIRO."—"Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which on the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable FRUIT SALT, to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my preservation and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming evidence of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 10th Hussars, May 26, 1883. Mr. J. C. ENO."

PERMANENT WAY DEPARTMENT, London & North Western Railway, Whaley Bridge Station, Dec. 30, 1881.—SIR,—I beg to inform you that I have received great benefit from your valuable FRUIT SALT, after suffering from severe headache and disordered stomach.—Yours truly, VERITAS. Mr. J. C. ENO."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot, says: "Blessings on your FRUIT SALT! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol, at home my household god, abroad my *vade mecum.* Think not this is the rhapsody of a hypochondriac; no, it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is I am, in common I daresay with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy, than, exit Pain—'Richard is himself again.' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the little sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learnt to appreciate its inestimable benefits,—

'When ENO'S SALT betimes you take,
No waste of this elixir make,
But drain the drops, and lick the cup
Of this the perfect pick-me-up.'

Jan. 2, 1883. To Mr. J. C. ENO."

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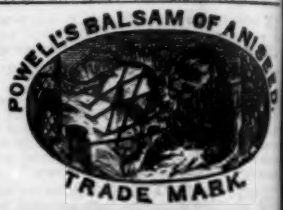

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